## IN BEHALF OF SILVER

Populist Members of Congress Issue an Address to the People.

Signed by Senators Jones and Stewart -Proposed Coinage of Silver Dollars-The Seigniorage Question.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4. - The Populist members of Congress, including Senators and members of the House, to-day issued an address, appealing to the people to take up the silver cause. It is significant that the name of Senator Jones, of Nevada, appears among the signers of the document. The address begins with a statement of the aggregate debts of the world and of the gold and silver in existence, calls attention to the fact that the arts require almost the total gold production, and says the decrease of the volume of this metal caused by hoarding has caused it to appreciate 40 or 50 per cent. The address con-

"The repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act destroys silver as money of ultimate redemption and reduces that metal to credit money to float only by redemption in gold. The \$1,100,000,000 of paper and silver now in circulation must rest upon less than \$100,000,000 of gold in the treasury available for redemption. The only reason for demonetizing silver was to enhance the value of gold and obligations payable in money. It is further proposed to sell bonds of the United States and buy gold to strengthen the reserve in the treasury. National banks will use the bonds for banking and issue their notes upon which the people must pay interest as well as on the bonds.

After reviewing the silver legislation since 1873, it is asserted that the Secretary of the Treasury surrendered the option to pay in silver to the exporters of gold without consideration, and then proclaimed that the Sherman act was driving gold out of the present administration in the ite jingle ran like this: United States and the Gladstone government in England conspired to force its repeal. "The President," it says, "issued a call for an extra session of Congress, in which he attributed the panic, which he himself had aided to create, to the Sher-

man act." Referring to the contest over the repeal bill in this Senate, the address says it continued until the gold power and federal patronage could induce a majority of that body to submit to executive dictation. The press in every commercial center teemed with misrepresentation, insult and abuse of the unpurchasable defenders of the people. Banks, boards of trade and the commercial press demanded a vote without debate. The power of money was felt on every hand. Intimidation and threats of personal violence loaded the mails of Senators. Unusual and cruel hours were resorted to to exhaust the advocates of silver and deprive them of an opportunity of spreading upon the record their reasons why the people should not be robbed for the benefit of the money changers. The document ends with an appeal to the people to study the question and with this: Trust no man who has once betrayed you. Put no faith in any President who assumes dictatorial power. Do not be overawed or intimidated by Wall street and the power of national banks. When the people rise in their might, intrigue, cunning, usurpation, bribery and corruption will vanish be-

fore them. The paper is signed by the following Senators: John P. Jones, William M. Stewart, James H. Kyle, William V. Allen; also Representatives John Davis, William Baker, H. E. Boen, John C. Bell, W. A. Harris, T. J. Hudson, Jerry Simpson, Lafe Pence, O.

M. Kemdul, W. A. McKeighan. General Warner, president of the American Bimetallic League, also issues an address, in which, after dwelling upon the recent anti-silver legislation, closes as follows: "The remedy must be sought at the ballot box. Catechise every candidate for a legislative office and pledge every candidate for Congress to work and vote for the restoration of the constitutional standard of money with the coinage of both metals without discrimination against either, and the issue and control of paper money by the government of the United States. Retire every Representative who has been unfaithful to his trust and elect only true and tried men to represent your interest in the great struggle now before us."

## SILVER COINAGE.

Capacity of the Mints-The Seigniorage and Treasury Notes.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.-In reply to inquirles, it is stated at the Treasury Department that the actual resumption of the colnage of silver dollars has not as yet been ordered, but the mints have been directed to manufacture the ingots and blanks so as to be prepared to resume the coinage at short notice in case it should be decided to do so. "The mints at New Orleans and San Francisco can, if worked to the full extent of the capacity of the force now at those places, coin about 2,000,000 silver dollars a month," said an official of the Treasury Department to-day, when questioned concerning the amount of silver that can be coined by the government when the work of coining the bullion purchased under the Sherman law is put into practical operation. "There will not be any coinage of silver dollars at the Philadelphia mint for some time to come," he continued, "as ail the efforts of the force now there is concentrated in turning out gold coin. By using the mint at Philadelphia for the coinage of silver dollars the Treasury Department an put out \$3,500,000 a month. But for the present the department will, it is understood, content itself with the coinage of the dollar only at New Orleans and San Francisco. The seigniorage on this will amount to approximately \$750,000 a month, the department having paid for the silver purchased under the Sherman act at the average rate of 92% cents per ounce. The mints at San Francisco and New Orleans are now manufacturing ingots and blanks for the dollars upon which the impressions are to be made.

In view of the expected coinage of the silver dollars the question has already been asked whether the Treasury Department can issue treasury notes against seigniorage, which, if the whole amount of bullion was coined, would amount to about \$50,-000,000. An official of the department, however, to whom the question was put, replied that such notes could not be issued against the seigniorage, and in support of his assertion he quoted the following clause from the Sherman law: "But no greater or less amount of such (treasury) notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver bullion and the standard silver dollars coined therefrom, then held in the treasury purchased by such notes," He said, however, that the seigniorage could be deposited in the treasury and silver certificates issued against them, which would bring about the same result as the issuance of treasury notes would, so far as increasing the circulating medium is concerned. But they would be redeemable only in silver and not in coin-that is, gold and silver-as the treasury notes are. It is said that the treasury notes issued under the Sherman act, which will be redeemed in gold from time to time, amounted to \$52,000,000. Some question has also arisen as to whether any of the bullion might be coined into subsidiary silver, but the law on this subject is also explicit, as it requires that the Secretary shall, each month, coin two million ounces of silver bullion, purchased under the provisions of the act, into standard silver dollars.

## SLOT MACHINES.

Cassier's Magazine.

One of the Most Novel of Them Is Ten Thousand Years Old.

There is an endless variety of uses to which nickel-in-the-slot machines will successfully lend themselves, and it is scarcely surprising, therefore, that their number is growing apace. Probably one of the latest appliances of the principle governing their operation is found in the hot water fountains which have been brought out in France, and which would seem to be eminently well adapted to supply one of the wants of principally the poorer classes of a city's population. These fountains are put up in the public street and afford the convenience of supplying at any hour of district, trying to get to the next town, and the day or night a certain quantity of hot | my horse has gone lame on me.' water in return for a coin of certain value, which is dropped into the slot of the now so familiar way. The dropping of the coin automatically governs the flow of water from the street mains through a small boiler, heated by a series of gas jets, and similarly regulates the quantity of gas which is admitted, and which is lighted by means of a small, constantly-main- a minute, tained igniting jet. A number of these ma- "'Well,' she said, 'bein' a Congressman tained igniting jet. A number of these machines have been placed at different points in the streets of Paris, and apparently

have proved to be profitable investments, being well patronized. For each coin inserted something like eight litres of water, at a temperature of about 130 degrees Fahrenheit, are delivered. A penny-in-theslot gas meter is another novelty of a somewhat similar character recently introduced by one of the English gas companies. By putting a penny in the slot a customer gets twenty-two and a half feet of gas. The company sets up the machine and furnishes the necessary fixtures and a griller free of charge. If desired, pennies may be put continuously in the slot, until the index pointer registers 450 feet of gas. In this way customers, it is stated, pay about 80 cents a thousand feet for their gas, or 10 cents a thousand feet more than the regular price, the extra charge being for the

use of the fixtures and the griller. The French hot-water machine brings back to mind very strikingly the apparatus designed more than two thousand years ago by Hero, of Alexandria, which has already been mentioned in these pages, and which furnishes one of many similar illustrations of the extent to which the ancients made use of what are often supposed to be entirely modern ideas. Curiously enough, Hero's machine, it may be here repeated, was operated not by the conventional nickel, or 5-cent piece, but by a coin representing five drachmas. The coin, in falling, struck a lever, opened a valve, and let out a small quantity of holy water. When the coin fell off the lever the valve closed. Hero went still further, however, by inventing an automatic bartender on the coin-in-the-slot principle. This was a vase containing three kinds of liquor, in different compartments, with a faucet arranged so as to be opened part of the way by one coin, still further by a larger or heavier coin, and then still further by a still larger on heavier coin. The extent to which the faucet was opened determined which chamber should communicate with it, and hence which of the three liquors should be allowed to escape. This machine, apparently, has not yet been reinvented, and might be suggestive to this latter-day generation.

### BLACK BART, POET.

Incidentally He Was a Bold and Remarkably Clever Stage Robber.

New York Herald. "Talking about train robbers," put in the man from San Francisco, "reminds me of the slickest one in the business. He wasn't a train robber, exactly; he was a stage hold-up, and he was a thoroughbred, but he fell at last, and I've not heard of him since he was in San Quentin. His name was Black Bart-that is to say, his nickname. He christened himself, you know. But his right name was Charles Barlow. He made the country. The address criticises the the Democrats sharply. It asserts, in effect, that the Sherman act interfered with the establishment of a gold standard, and of doggerel written on a collar or a cuff, or that the New York and London bankers | the back of an express way bill. His favor-

" 'Now I lay me down to sleep To wait the coming morrow, Perhaps success, perhaps defeat, And everlasting sorrow. Let come what will, I'll try it on, My condition can't be worse, And if there's money in that box "Tis money in my purse.

BLACK BART, the Poe-8. "He always wore a long linen duster; he had a white flour sack over his head and face, with holes cut in it for the eyes; his hat was like those comical affairs the clowns wear in the circus, and the lower parts of his legs were covered with jute

"We first heard of him on the old Oregon trail, which runs over the Siskiyou mountains. The next time he did business was in the summer of 1887, I think. One of the best drivers on the Pacific coast was taking a stage from Fort Ross to the Russian river. He had to pass a big bluff, where there was a sharp curve. As soon as he struck the corner he saw Bart, as large as life, with a double-barreled shotgun in his hand. He was a polite devil, and never shouted out. He always said, as he did this first time:

"'Please throw out the box and main "Of course they had to oblige, and then he let the stage go. He worked around the lonely places for six years, off and on, and a man with a head for figures said he must have pulled off about \$6,000 a year. He seemed to like the Wells-Fargo shipments the best, for he touched them up four times a year, regular as clockwork. "After the first hold-up the rewards began. The first one was \$800 for the capture, dead or alive, and it grew like a snowball rolling down hill until in 1883 there was \$18,400 waiting for the man who could get Black Bart. He had more than one trade mark; he always used to cut the mail bags below the lock in the shape of a T, and he always left the ax with which he smashed

"The last man he touched was old man McConnell, who was going from Wilton to Sonora, in Tuolumne county. He held him up about three miles from Copperopolis, on the old mail road from the Yosemite. He got the box and took out about \$5,000 in

"Well, McConnell got a rifle and chased him through the brush, but it was no use. But there was enough found there to trace him. Among other things there was a cuff with a laundry mark on it. They followed that clew like grease, and it led to a respectable man about fifty years old, who lived in 'Frisco under the name of Charles E. Bolles. He was an old soldier, had lots of friends and knew half the police force, "Well, talk about a sensation! We had it then. Two-thirds of the town believed it was a case of mistaken identity until he confessed to the last robbery, but he swore he knew nothing about the other twenty-"What became of him?" asked one of the

"He got off with six years in San Quen-He was put in the drug department

### and became an expert chemist. JAPANESE POLICEMEN.

The Most Aristocratic and Politest Constabulary Known.

There is no human being quite so polite as the Japanese policeman. Not to his fellow-countrymen, be it understood; by no means. He regards the bulk of them, probably, with a good-natured contempt, for, in the language of Mr. Chevalier, he is a "gentleman by birth and education." When, in the pursuit of western civilization, Japan cast off feudalism and put on a frock coat and a silk hat, thousands of samural or two-sworded retainers of the old nobles found their occupation gone. No more exhilerating little expeditions into the territories of neighboring princes were possible, and chopping foreigners into little bits soon became a game hardly worth the candle. The swords rusted in their scabbards, and finally were, by imperial decree, discarded altogether, and helped a few years later to decorate the drawing rooms of Belgravia. What was to be done with these swashbuckles, trained to a militarism quite impossible in the modern army, modeled on the French pattern? The government wanted police. The samurai knew nothing about the status of the British "Bobby" or of the French gendarmes, so they enrolled in large numbers, happy in being able to wear, at any rate, one sword, and that a twohandled one.

Thus it happens that the Japanese police are the most aristocratic force of constabulary in the world. They are a finely-disciplined body, small in stature, but well drilled, and expert in the use of the steelscabbarded weapon which dangles at their

It is to the foreigner-whether he be the veriest outcast of a no-nationality sailor from a kerosene ship, or a slick, moneyed globe trotter-that the essential politeness of the Japanese policeman is shown in all its native richness. With the former class the police of the foreign ports in Japan-Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki-have much intercourse, not of the gentle kind. Yet the scrimmage invariably has but one termination. The truculent son of Neptune is sooner or later handed over to the consular authoritles of his country-if he owns one-and lodged in the foreign jail. Perhaps two policemen will be engaged in the operationperhaps twenty-that is a mere detail. What is important is the fact that once a Japanese policeman makes up his mind to arrest any one who is in his hands he sticks to him with a bulldog tenacity-never loses his temper or his hold-and conducts his victim to the leckup, if he be a foreigner, with the greatest urbanity and much

## It Was No Sign.

Detroit Free Press. The Congressman was telling his experiences in the back county district, as he always loves to do when his arduous labors let up on him for a few brief moments. "Once," said he, "I was caught on the road just about dark with a lame horse and it became necessary for me to stop over night ten miles from the place I was billed for, I made for the nearest house in sight and there was no one there except a woman and her sick husband. The woman responded to my 'helio' and came to

" 'Can I stay all night here?' I asked, 'and get feed for my horse?" 'What's yer name?' she inquired.

"I told her. " Who air you?" "'I'm the member of Congress from this " "The what?" she asked, coming out to

"The member of Congress from this district. "'Oh, air you?' she said in doubtful tones.

" 'Certainly: you don't think I'd tell you a lie, do you?" I said, a little nettled. "She looked at me in a brown study for ain't no sign you wouldn't, but I'm serry

fer that loss and I reckon you can stay."

## HE WAS JEKYLL-HYDE

Letter from Stevenson Suggesting the Origin of His Story.

Communicates with the Society of Psychical Research Concerning Weird Mental Experiences.

Detroit Tribune.

The report of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Reseach contains some remarkable testimony from Robert Louis Stevenson in support of the intricate theories about the almost unknown realm of psychology. Mr. Stevenson's experience was certainly unique. In the opinion of the officials of the Psychical Research Society

it was important. It was Mr. Stevenson's lot to experience those conditions while in Samoa a year ago, and he immediately communicated with Frederic W. H. Myers, one of the secretaries of the society. Mr. Myers embodied the great writer's testimony in a report on "the subliminal consciousness," read by him some time since before the society, to illustrate certain phases of what he terms "the hysterical disturbances of personality," of "the hysterical uprush from the subliminal strata." Although these isolated technical terms may appear very little to those not interested in the subject, to any one acquainted even in a superficial and general way with the work which has recently been done in that newest and most fascinating of natural sciencesphysiological psychology-they are suggestive of a world of new and startling ideas which have been developed within the last few years concerning every aspect and phenomenon of the human conscious-

The cases cited in Mr. Stevenson's letter are especially interesting in more ways than one. In Mr. Stevenson himself 's found one of the best striking living examples of that helpful and productive subliminal uplift which Mr. Myers characteror gennu "It is interesting to observe," he comments, "how, under morbid conditions of genius, this permeability of the psychical diaphragm transforms what might in others be a mere vague and passive discomfort into a vivid though incoherent message from the subliminal storm and fire. The result is a kind of superaliminal quality, the perception at the same time of two personalities-the one rational and moral, the other belonging to the stratum of dreams and nightmare." It is needless to say that to those who know Mr. Stevenson through his books, to those who look upon him as the living master of English style to-day, this extraordinary letter will have an interest quite aside from any scientific considerations as a view (if not altogether a happy one) of the private intraliminal (to coin a word in the psychologic mold) mechanism of the writer's mind which never appears in an author's books, and which the world of readers is always most curious about as connecting his aspirations with their own mediocre mental pro-

AS FROM A MAD HOUSE. The letter was written at the Vailima plantation, Uphoho, Samoan Islands. It is

"Dear Mr. Myers-I am tempted to communicate to you some experiences of mine, which seem to me, ignorant as I am, of a high psychological interest. I had infamously bad health when I was a child, and suffered much from night fears; but, from the age of about thirteen until I was past thirty, I did not know what it was to have a high fever or wander in my mind, so that these experiences, when they were renewed, came upon me with entire freshness, and either I am a peculiar subject or I was thus enabled to observe them with unusual closeness.

"Experience A-During an illness at Nice I lay awake a whole night in extreme pain. From the beginning of the evening one part of my mind became possessed of a notion so grotesque and shapeless that it may best be described as a form of words. I thought the pain was, or was connected with, a whip or coil of some sort. I know not of what it consisted nor yet where it was, and cared not; only I thought if the two ends were brought together the pain would cease. Now, all the time with another part of my mind, which I venture to think was myself, I was fully alive to the absurdity of this idea, knew it to be a mark of impaired sanity, and was engaged with my other self in a perpetual conflict, Myself had nothing more at heart than to keep from my wife, who was nursing me, any hint of this ridiculous hallucination, the other was bound that she should be told of it and ordered to effect the cure. I believe it must be well on in the morning before the fever (or the other fellow) triumphed, and I called my wife to my bedside, seized her savagely by the wrist, and, looking on her with a face of fury, cried: "'Why do you not put the two ends together and put me out of pain?"

Experience B-The other day in Sydney was seized on a Saturday with a high fever; early in the afternoon I began to repeat mechanically the sound usually written 'Mhn.' Caught my self in the act, instantly stopped and explained to my mother, who was in the room, my reason for so do-

"That is the beginning of the mind to wander,' I said, 'and has to be resisted at I fell asleep and woke and for the rest

of the night repeated to myself mentally a nonsense word which I could not recall next morning. I had been reading the day before the life of Swift, and all night long one part of my mind (the other fellow) kept informing me that I was not repeating the word myself, but was only reading in a book that Swift had so used it in his last sickness. The temptation to communicate this nonsense was again strongly felt by myself, but was on this occasion triumphantly resisted, and my watcher heard from me all night nothing of Dean Swift or the word -nothing but what was rational and to the point. So much for the two consciousnesses and when I can disentangle them, but there is a part of my thoughts that I have more difficulty in attributing. One part of my mind continually bids me remark the transrational felicity of the word, examined all the syllables, showed me that not one was in itself significant, and yet the whole expressed to a nicety the voluminous distress of one in a high fever and his annoyance and record from the attention of his nurses. It was probably the same part (and for a guess the other fellow) who bid me compare it with the nonsense words of Lewis Carroll, as the invention of a lunatic with those of a sane man. But surely it was myself (and myself in a perfectly clear-headed state) that kept me trying all night to get the word by heart on the ground that it would afterward be useful in literature. It must have been myself, I say, because the other fellow believed (or pretended to balleve) he was reading in the passage of a book where it could always be found again when wanted.

AND STILL ANOTHER ONE. "Experience C-The next night the other fellow had an explanation ready for my sufferings, of which I can only say that it had something to do with the navy; that it was sheer, undiluted nonsense, and had neither end nor beginning, and was unsusceptible of being expressed in words. Myself knew this, yet I gave way, and my watcher was favored with some references to the navy. Not only that, but the other fellow was annoyed or I was annoyed on two inconsistent accounts; first, because he had friled to make his meaning comprehensible, and, second, because the nurse displayed no interest. The other fellow would have liked to explain further, but myself was much hurt at having been got into the false position, and would be led no further. In cases A and C the illusion was amorphous. I knew it to be so, and yet succumbed to the temptation of trying to communicate it.

"In case B the idea was coherent, and I managed to hold my peace. Consciousness was less affected in case B and more affected in cases A and C. It is, perhaps, not always so. The illusion might be coherent, even practical, and the rational authority of the mind quite in abeyance, Would not that be lunacy? "In case A I had an absolute knowledge

that I was out of my mind, and that there was no meaning in my words. These were the very facts that I was anxious to conceal, and yet I succumbed to the temptation of speaking, my face was convulsed with anger, and I wrung my watcher's wrist with cruelty. Here is action, unnatural and uncharacteristic action, flowing from an idea in which I had no belief, and which I had been plain mark of aberration. Is it not so

with lunatics? "I have called the one person myself and the other the other fellow. It was myself who spoke and acted; the other fellow seemed to have no control of the body or the tongue, and he could only act through myself, on whom he brought to bear a heavy strain, resisted in one case, triumphant in the two others. Yet I am tempted to think that I know the other fellow; I am tempted to think he is the dreamer described in my chapter on dreams to which

I refer. Here, at least, is a dream belong-ing to the same period, but this time a pure dream, an illusion. "I mean that it disappeared with the return of the sense of sight, not on that persevered during the waking moments and while I was able to speak and take my

medicine. It occurred the other day, after case B and before case C. 'Case D-In the afternoon there sprang up a storm of wind, with monstrous clouds of dust. My room looked up a steep hill of trees, whose boughs were all blowing in the same direction, the whole seeming to pass by my windows like a millrace. By this turmoil and movement I was confused, but not distressed, and surprised not to be distressed, for even in good health a high wind has often a painful influence on my

A PSYCHICAL DREAM. "In the midst of this I dozed off asleep. had just been reading Scott's 'Life of Dryden,' had been struck with the fact that Dryden had translated some of the Latin hynms, and had wondered that I had never remarked them in his work. As soon as I was asleep I dreamed a reason why the sound of the wind and the sight of the flying dust had not distressed me. There was no wind, it seemed, no dust, it was only Dryden singing his translated hymns in one direction, and all those who had blamed and attacked him after the revolution singing them in another. "This point of the two directions is very singular and insane. In part it meant that

Dryden was continually flying past, yet never passing my window in the direction of the wind and dust, and all his detractors similarly flying past, yet not passing toward the other side. But it applied, besides this, both to the words and to the music in a manner wholly insusceptible of expression, That was a dream, and yet how exactly it reproduced the method of my other fellow while I was awake! "Here is an explanation for a state of mind or body sought-and found-in a

ble folly. Yours very sincerely, "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON." It would be the basest hypocrisy to pretend that the only interest which attaches to this letter is of a psychological and literary nature. The writer of these lines can see in it possibilities of reassurance and encouragement for literary men of lesser power or lesser reputations than the distinguished spirit that penned it, from those

whose names are accustomed to appear

often in the pages of the magazines down

to the nameless unhonored artist whose

tissue of rabid, complicated and inexpressi-

pen has attempted no greater thing; than the short and simple annals of a two-alarm It is possible for them and for all other members of that crowded organization known as the Paresis Club, in whatever walks of life they may be, to take heart from the fact that those hitherto disquieting lesions of the brain, those oft-recurring phantasms of mind which they have shuddered at as the premonitions of a quiet life in some high-walled asylum may be rather subjects for congratulation, after the eccentric fashion. And if Mr. Stevenson, in his communication to Secretary Myers, has done this he has done a greater thing than the writing of chaste essays or moving

### "YALLER JACKETS."

Their Pleasant Methods of Keeping Intruders from Their Homes. Pittsburg Press.

"It is now the height of the hornet and yellow wasp season in Connecticut. It is a much mooted question in the Nutmeg State which is the meaner, flerier, 'pizener,' more implacable and deadly, a hornet or a yellow wasp. There is no doubt at all that the 'yaller' terrors are more numerous and persistent toward Connecticut scythe swingers than any other persons, and, perhaps, there is just a little more 'mustard' in a single touch of their hot application for those who cut their nests in two. 'Yaller jackets,' the farmers call them, and the farmers are as afraid as death of them. The very worst bucolic mischance that can befall a farmer is to drive his mowing machine upon a nest of them hung up in the bushes of a mowing lot. "A bumblebee's nest is of trifling mement as compared with the condensed, buttled

venom and vengefulness in the long, narrow paper home of the yellow jackets. The horses attached to the machine invariably dump their driver off his seat and then run away, and a driverless mowing machine on the run is only a little less dangerous than an ancient Scythian scythe chariot career-

ing furiously at large. "Only a few days ago the Rev. Percy Barnes, rector of Race Episcopal Chapel at the village of Yantic, in the eastern part of the State, was terribly chopped by the knives of a mowing machine in the village lot he had sought to cross. Surgeon Harris has patched the scholarly young rector's legs, but he will have to stay in bed on account of his injuries for many weeks, and a brother clergyman officiates in his pulpit. The rector was in his usual clerical attire at the time, and the most pathetic feature of the mishap is that, being a swift and skilfull sprinter, and constrained by a Samaritan impulse, he had set out to run across the mowing lot to stop the runaway horse of his friend, the butcher, when the machine rushed on him. A day later a Connecticut valley farmer drove his mower, with a pair of horses, into a yellow jackets' nest, and he also was frightf lly cut by the swiftly sliding sickle bar.

## Oldest Lock Ever Discovered.

Hardware. In the "History of Nineveh, and Its Palaces," by by Joseph Bonomi, we find a description of, perhaps, the oldest lock ever discovered. It was used in securing the gate of the apartment in one of the palaces of Khorsabad. In describing this ancient piece of hardware-if such terms may be applied to wooden locks-he says: "At the end of the chamber, just behind the first bulls, was formerly a strong gate, of one leaf, which was fastened by a large wooden lock, like those still used in the East, of which the key is as much as man can conveniently carry, and by a bar which moved into a square hole in the wall. It is to a key of this description that the prophet probably allludes: 'And the key of the House of David will I lay upon his shoulder:' and it is remarkable that the word for key in this passage of Scripture 'Muftah' is the same in use all over the East at the present time. The key of an ordinary street door is commonly thirteen or fourteen inches long; and the key of the gate of a public building, or of a street, or a quarter of a town, is two feet or more in length. The iron pegs at one end of the piece of wood correspond to so many holes in the wooden bar or bolt of the lock, which, when the door or gate is shut, cannot be opened until the key has been inserted, and the impediment to the drawing back of the bolt removed by raising up so many iron pins that fall down into holes in the bar or bolt corresponding to the peg in the key." This description, and others of a cor-

robatory character, prove that this form of lock and key was in use in Egypt four or five thousand years, during which ex-tended period of time it does not appear to have undergone any successful changes.

#### Guilty, or Not Guilty? Cincinnati Tribune.

Will the women please stand up and be counted? How many of you bought on the Midway Plaisance a little long glass tube, tightly sealed at one end, containing a pre-sumably attar of roses? How many of you gave up a good half dollar under the impression you were dealing with a Persian from Persia? All of you need not plead guilty, but many of you must. Well, you were most horribly duped. Why, the genuine attar of roses is worth its weight in gold. Nearly so, at least. All you got in those little vials is rose water with a drop of oil of geranium, the mass thickened with a neutral oil, and there you are. Maybe bottle and oil cost a nickle, but it is doubtful. Do not cry, though. We were all sold in some way or other, and yet we had plenty of fun and instruction for all the money we spent.

#### That Mysterious Language. Chicago Record.

Guest-What is that pretty little octavo The German Linguist-That's a new edition of my rules of German grammar. Guest-And what are those quarto volumes near it? The German Linguist-Those are the explanations to the rules.

#### On the Chicago Lagoon. New York Weekly.

Mr. Wooem (in a gondola)-And you re-Miss Flirtie-Most assuredly Mr. Wooem-Aha, I see it all. Your nature is as hard as the heart of a general passenger agent, and your face is as false as the front of a world's fair building.

#### A Keen Intellect. Chicago Record.

Chawley-That fellah Jonesy has a vewy analytical mind. Fwed-How's that? Chawley-Why, this mawning he saw a fellah out of the club window cawwying an umbrella and he said: "It must be waining." He did, by Jove!

One of the Pleasant Things of Life. TIME 2 A. M.

Wife-John! John makes no answer. Wife-John! John! John-Uh? What? Wife-Are you asleep?

THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

Mr. Stockton Tells How Yarious People Solved the Problem. Frank Stockton, after having been beought for years to tell the anxious public whether it was the lady or the tiger that emerged from the cage in his famous story, says in the November Ladies' Home Journal that he really doesn't know. He never dld know. Not being either a woman or a semi-barbarian, he said that it was impossible for him to guess which door the princess would indicate to her lover. But he has received any number of solutions of the mystery from interested readers of his story, and he gives some of them. Robert Browning, in a letter to a friend,

stated what he thought, as follows: "Dear -: According to your desire read the story in question last evening, and have no hesitation in supposing that such a princess, under such circumstances, would direct her lover to the tiger's door; mind I emphasize such and so circumstanced a person.'

A most ingenious version of the story was one in which the hot and jealous blood of the princess prompts her to indicate the tiger's door. That door is opened and the tiger emerges, not, however, with a roar and spring, but with a slow and easy tread. Gazing around the assembled multitude, he approaches the young man, who stands alone in the arena, rubs himself confidingly against his legs, purring the while, and then, yawning to an extent which exhibits to all the spectators the possibilities of the might have been, he walks to a spot where the wall throws a shade upon the ground of the arena, and, stretching himself upon the sand, he falls into a pleasant nap. The reason for this extraordinary conduct on the part of the animal was easily discovered; having been half starved for several days, in order to make him more ferocious, he had become aware of the presence of a young and tender lady in the compartment adjoining his own, and, breaking down the two, he had dragged her into his cell and devoured the damsel, and then, his appetite having been fully satisfied, he walked into the arena without feeling any desire whatever for further re-

One cynical man decided that the lover pened the door of the compartment which contained the lady, and, accordingly, married her. After a few months of wedded existence, however, he discovered that he had chosen both the lady and the tiger. An answer dealing with more intricate and deeper workings of the mind contained a solution somewhat in this wise: The princess wished to send her lover to the tiger, but knowing that he was well acquainted with her temperament and also that he would much prefer the lady, she thought it wise to indicate the lady's door, hoping that his knowledge of her character would make him take the other. Her lover was so well acquainted with her disposition that he had not the least doubt that she wished him to open the tiger's door, but he was also aware that she knew how well he understood her, and that possibly she might expect that if she pointed out the door she wanted him to take his caution would prompt him to take the other, were it not for the fact that knowing how well he knew her, she was afraid he might reason out the matter to extent of believing that he would be wise to take the door she indicated, because he thought she would expect him to take the other. But, on the other hand, as she understood his method of reasoning, she might follow him thus far, and so, making another doubling of her purpose, she might offer him to the tiger by pointing to the door of the -... Here the person working out this intricacy stopped and desired assistance.

A rather interesting fact in connection with the problem is that when the question, "The Lady or the Tiger?" was put to a club of women in London, nine out of thirteen thought that the Princess would have indicated the lady, while out of a class of twenty-four at Vassar, eighteen voted for the tiger. Which is an instructive lesson as regards the morbidness of the youthful mind.

### ANOTHER SOLUTION.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Letter of Louis AVI on the Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask.

The mystery of the man in the iron mask

seems to be solved at last. A long letter in

cipher, addressed by Louis XIV to his

Minister of War, the Marquis De Louvois, which is kept in the archives of the Ministry at Paris, has after repeated futile efforts been deciphered, and proves to be an order to convey Gen. De Bulonde to the fortress of Pignerol, for having raised the siege of Conti contrary to the King's orders. This happened in 1669. The King directs that the general's face should be concealed under a "loup," or black velvet mask. The revelation of the identity is somewhat disappointing. A considerable li brary has been written in the attempt to solve this mystery, and many of the guesses have been much more interesting. That the mysterious prisoner was the son of Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII, and the Duke of Buckingham-whose love affairs made some scandal; that he was a twin brother of Louis XIV, born a few hours later, and thus disposed of to avoid the chance of a dispute over the kingdom; that he was the Count of Vermandios, a son of Louis XIV and La Valliere; that he was the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II of England and Lucy Walters; that he was the Duke of Beaufort, a leader in the insurrection of the Fronde; that he was Fouquet, the Minister of Finance whom Louis replaced by the great genius Colbert; that he was Ercole Matthioli, a secret agent of the Duke of Mantau, who divulged a political intrigue of the French monarch. These and half a dozen other conjectures have been worked out assiduously by students of history. Dates have been proved which have ruined almost all these hypotheses. That the prisoner could not have been the Duke of Monmouth is proved not by the alleged fact of his beheading in 1685-for he might have been spared that doom-but by the disthe mysterious prisoner began to serve his sentence at least six years before, and it is now believed sixteen years before. The case of Matthioli appeared the strongest for a long time, but that too was spoiled by dates, which are insuperable evidences. What has been pretty well proved is that one Saint Mars. commandant at Pignerol, a fortress on the borders of Savoy for sixteen years previous, was in 1681 transferred to Exiles, a fort on the frontier of Piedmont, and then brought with him two prisoners, borne in a litter closely guarded; that one of these died before January, 1687, and that the remaining one went with him, with the same care, to the island of St. Marguerite, and that when Saint Mars became governor of the Bastile, 1698, such a prisoner, his face covered with a black velvet mask, fastened by steel springs, accompanied him. The chain of dates is quite complete, and the excessive precautions taken to prevent the man from making himself known to anyone, has been often described. Indeed nearly all this may be found in the cyclopedias, and many books have been written about the mystery and Dumas pere made it the subject of one of his most fascinating novers. The whole story tends to show how arbitrary the king's will was in those days; how many mysterious disappearances there were-for all these persons who have been made possible victims dropped out of public life in unexplained ways; and how simply revengeful the motive of the sovereign was. If it was General Bulonde who was the man of the iron mask, how disproportionate his offense seems to the punishment which secluded him for thirty-four years from all communication with his kind save with his jailer, and how absurd the secrecy which compelled the burning of every vestige of his linen, lest he should sometow have inscribed it with his name and story, and the destruction after his death in the Bastile of all he had worn or used. It was an age of small things, big though they seemed to the "Grand Monarque" and his fellows. THE SIMPLE-MINDED HOOSIER.

## He Wanted Indiana Money and Was

Not Such a Fool As He Looked. Chicago Herald. In the course of a conversation touching

upon the proposed reauthorization of cur-

rency by State banks a Wall-street bank president a few days ago told a reporter the following story of a clever swindle made possible by that form of currency many years ago: "It was in the worst of the 'wild-cat' and "red-dog currency days," he remarked, "that a simple Indiana trader arrived in New Orleans with a large load of wheat, The grain was stowed in the hold of the barge, flush up to the deck covering. The innocent Hoosier reached the Crescent City at an opportune moment. Wheat was in good demand, prices were high, and scarce-

ly had the barge been moored alongside the levees than a swarm of commission merchants and speculators were anxious to relieve the owner of the cargo. A price per bushel was proposed and accepted, but when it came to the terms of the sale the would-be buyer found himself confronted with a difficulty upon which he had not reckoned. The honest Indianian first insisted that his entire cargo should be measured bushel for bushel instead of estimated in bulk, and then he expressed himself as afraid of assorted tate bank currency. 'My wife,' said he, told me as how I'd be swindled on this wheat before I got back to Indiana. I don't want no drafts or ex-change in payment, and I don't want no bills on busted banks. I'm sure of Indiana. Their money's good. You must pay me in Indiana bills.

"It was a difficult matter for the buyer to collect a sufficient quantity of bills on Indiana State banks, but finally, after visiting nearly every bank in New Orleans, he securad the necessary amount. Then he came to the barge, showed the money to the

Hoosier and set his negroes at work measuring the cargo of wheat bushel for bushel. "The colored men worked slowly and the buyer chafed under the delay. He appealed to the Indianian to let the cargo be estimated in the usual manner. For a time the Hoosier protested, and referred to his fear of being swindled. Finally, with a show of reluctance, he yielded, and accepted the Indiana money. Almost immediately he dis-appeared, and the New Orleans man smiled as he thought of his simple-minded friend, for he had secured the Indiana bills at a discount. All this changed, however, the following day, when the stevedores, who were taking the grain from the boat, encountered an obstruction. It proved to be a framework of slabs, constructed in the form of a bulkhead and extending almost from side to side and end to end of the barge. The quantity of wheat thereby was reduced fully three-fourths of the estimated amount, but the honest, simpleminded Hoosier, who had so effectually dis-armed all suspicion, was far away with his

### DECAY OF CHIVALRY.

The Texas Desperado Is No Longer Treated with Honor and Esteem.

Kansas City Star. "An' say, pard, just tell 'em I'm from Texas," were the words of a stranger in a Wyandotte county police court, as he went below for thirty days. The stranger had thrown rocks in a street car because the conductor had put him off for smoking a self-made cigarette, even after the expla-

nation that he was from Texas. The incident is like a breath from an old romance. The day was when the man from Texas, with a swagger and a gun, held civilization in an iron vise and got his beer without paying the barkeeper. But that day is done; the gentleman on a broncho who used to ride up and down the streets and into the millinery store to frighten the women with the terrifying disclosure that he was from Texas has been pulled from his high estate. He has been rudely clubbed by policemen, who only knew that Texas is no county in Ireland and refused to rec-

ognize his card. To-day even a weak-lunged L road conductor rubs mud in the face of the oldtime king of the highway by undramatically dumping the royal scion off the car for smoking cigarettes. Whither away has flitted the age of chivalry? Where is the What, Warder, who used to ho! and the donjon that used to keep and the maid for-ever behind the latticed windows of the glamoured fiction of the past? Where is Six Fingered Jack? Whence have Deadwood Dick, Calamity Jane, Sure Shot Seth and the Rip Roaring Bald Headed Eagle from Skypuncher Peak fled? What is there left for the youth of our land to emulate?

Whose pictures adorn the walls of this effete civilization? In true sooth, only the man who has been cured of catarrh, the baby raised on invalid's food and the hairless citizen whose hands are unstained by a crime more inspiring than a three dollar shoe. And is the boy of the twentleth century to pattern his deeds after these methods? Is the hero of the six-shooter, the haloed saint of the broncho and jingling spurs, whose claim to a residence in Texas cannot be disputed, going to be placed on the rock pile breaking his own pedestal for commercial purposes, while the merchant prince and before-taking hero thrust their faces into the newspapers and foreshadow the race that is to be? The outlook for Chivalry is very, very gloomy.

### A Cure for the Nosebleed.

Philadelphia Record.

A few weeks ago I saw a crowd collected around a carriage in front of a doctor's office. Pushing my way into the crowd I saw a very pale young man in the car-riage suffering from nosebleed, holding out the fore fingers of each hand to a gentleman, evidently a physician, who was engaged in tying them together with a string placed around the last joint of each finger. I asked him if that would cure the nosebleed, and he answered curtly, "Yes." I waited a few minutes and saw the cure effected. A few days later I tried the remedy on my office boy, who had a severe case of nosebleed, and it cured him almost immediately. I asked a regular physician about it and he replied gruffly, "Hypnotism." This I did not quite understand, but it set me thinking. Last Thursday evening a couple of young ladies, the daughters of my next door neighbor, who had been attending a church entertainment, returned home in a state of laughing hysteria-the "giggler" in Mrs. Jarley's wax works had been too much for them. I was called'in as a friend to see what could be done for them. It was no laughing matter, for they were having spells of fainting. I tied up their finger joints with strings, telling them it would cure them, and it did.

## Making It Convenient.

Petit Parisien. "I should like to know when you are going to pay that bill. I can't come here every day in the week. "What day would suit you best?"

"Saturday. "Very well, then, you can call every Sat-

## Philadelphia Press.

His Friends in Need.

President Cleveland will now shake hands in farewell with the bold, brave, conscientious Republicans who stood by him in the fight for honest money, and go back to his Graeco-Roman wrestling match with the mossbacks, heelers and placebuyers of his own party.

## To Avoid Erasures.

St. Peter-I don't find your name here; where are you from? Mrs. Mariam Summers-Chicago. St. Peter-Oh, that explains it; to avoid erasures we index Chicago women by their maiden names.

## Proper Treatment for Cranks.

New York Commercial Advertiser. discussions as to their mental condition; they betake themselves to an honest living and the paths of safety when the grim law stands ready and prompt to twist their life out.

## A Sweet Courting.

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar. "I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the "You sweet thing," murmered the paper Memories.

#### First Tramp-Pard, I'll bet yer a nickel yer can't tell what kind o' wood this is. Second Tramp (tapping it smartly upon his head) -That's locust. Yer can't fool me.

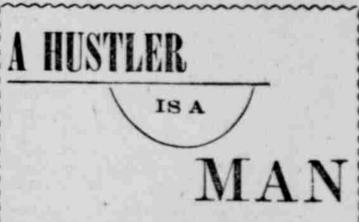
New York Sun.

I'se lived too long in de Fort' ward, see? A Criticism. New York Ledger. Our Artist-How do you like my new picture, Grace-"The Wood Deity?" His Sister-It is fine, Jack; the best you've

done. So natural, too. Why, he looks as if

## he was made of wood!

It's "Uncle McKinley." Ohio State Journal. Your Uncle McKinley isn't losing many moves this fall. He is going rapidly toward the king row.



Who does things with all the energy that is in him. He doesn't sit down and mope under any circumstances. He keeps moving-AND HE GETS THERE. There are Hustlers in business and they Advertise. Such of them as are in Indianapolis advertise in

# THE JOURNAL

Because it always brings results.

Results!

Profits!

That's what business men want. They get them if they use the papers to tell what they have to

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